Lillie Pozer, 28598

Northern Messenger

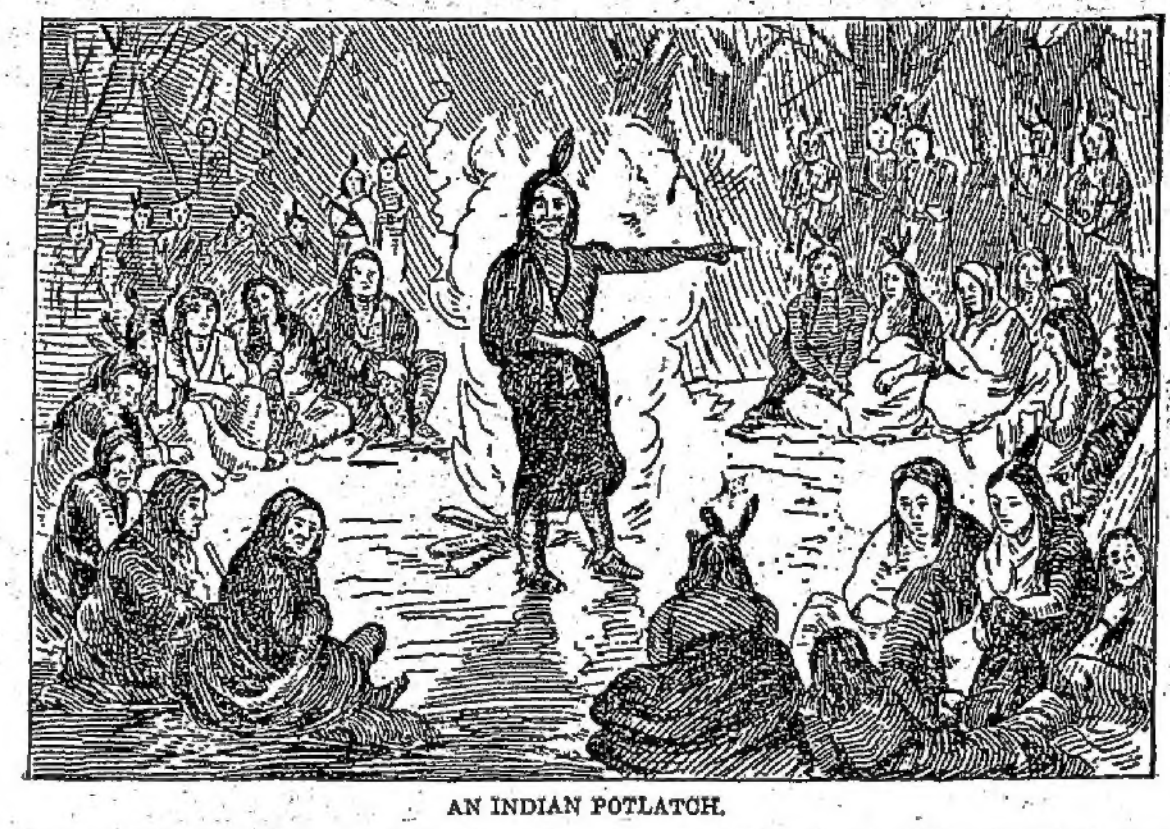
VOLUME XXXII., No. 49. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Potlatch.

('Onward.')

'Among the Indians of the Pacific coast,' says Dr. McLean, 'there exists a festival known as "Potlatch." It is a Chincok word, meaning "to give," from the fact that the chief object is to make a distribution of gifts to friends. A chief desiring honor, or an Indian wishing to obtain a good name for himself, will call the people of his own and other tribes to enjoy the abundant provision made for them. Many of the adult members of the tribes will spend years of hard toil, live in poverty, denying themselves the necessaries of life, that they may be able to save a sum sufficient to hold a Potlatch.

'At these festivals a single Indian has been known to distribute, in money and various kinds of articles to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. At the beginning of the Potlatch, the names of the persons to



AN INDIAN POTLATCH.

THE REV. E. R. YOUNG, INDIAN METHODIST MISSIONARY.

receive the gifts are called aloud, and they come forward in a very indifferent manner to receive a blanket or a gun, but when nearing the end of the distribution there is a general scramble for the property to be given away.

'The Canadian Government has very wisely prohibited these festivals, as they are the cause of retarding the progress of the Indians. The industrious and thrifty alone can hold them because of their wealth; and the evil becomes a serious one, when such persons will labor for years that they may be honored with a Potlatch. The same thing, in principle, at least, is practised among other tribes.'

The Rev. E. R. Young writes:

'On one of my canoe trips, when looking after pagan bands in the remote Nelson River district, I had some singular experiences, and learned some important lessons about the craving of the pagan heart after God.

'We had been journeying on for ten or twelve days when one night we camped on the shore of a lake-like river. While my men were busily employed in gathering wood and cooking supper, I wandered off and ascended to the top of a well-wooded hill which I saw in the distance. Very great, indeed, was my surprise, when I reached the top, to find myself in the presence of the most startling evidences of a degraded paganism.

The hill had once been densely covered with trees, but about every third one had been cut down, and the stumps, which had been left from four to ten feet high, had been carved into rude representations of the human form. Scattered around were the dog-ovens, which were nothing but holes dug in the ground and lined with stones, in which at certain seasons, as part of their religious ceremonies, some of their favorite dogs—white ones were always preferred — were roasted, and then devoured by the excited crowd. Here and there were the tents of the old conjurers and the medicine men, who, combining some knowledge of disease and medicine, with a great deal of superstitious abominations, held despotic sway over the people.

The power of these old conjurers over the deluded Indians was very great. They were generally lazy old fellows, but succeeded, nevertheless, in getting the best that was going, as they held other Indians in such terror of their power, that gifts in the shape of fish and game were constantly flowing in on them. They have the secret art among themselves of concocting some poisons so deadly that a little put in the food of a person who has excited their displeasure, will cause death almost as soon as a dose of strychnine. They have other poisons which, while not immediately causing

INDIAN CONJURER'S MASK.

death to the unfortunate victims, yet so affect and disfigure them that, until death releases them, their sufferings are intense and their appearance frightful. Often they wear a hideous mask like that shown in our cut.

'A Multitude Converted.'

The Rev. Titus Coan arrived at Hilo in 1835. He found several schools, a church of thirty-six members, and a few converts. As soon as he was able to preach the people listened eagerly. In 1837 the interest became general throughout all the islands, there was a great revival and thousands came to Hilo to hear the gospel. In 1838, on the first Sunday of July, 1,705 persons were baptised, and about 2,400 communicants sat down at the table of the Lord. During the three years ending April, 1840, 7,382 persons were received into the Church at Hilo.—'Great Missionaries.'

The Blind Chaplain.

The Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Congress, is well known in England, where he has given many lectures. A recent number of the 'Sunday at Home,' has the following concerning his wonderful memory:—

'In the Congressional library lay vast fields of knowledge, and the blind man contrived from the first to make good use of his opportunities. He cultivated voice and mind, and after six years' hard work, became an extempore preacher. Much of his success he owed to his wife. Many a day was spent by her in reading to him. Everything was read—newspapers, reviews, history, voyages, travels, poetry, and metaphysics. Zoroaster and Aristotle, Plato and Bruno, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz, Kant and Fichte, were all studied. The German critics came in for a large share of attention. Neander's "Life of Christ," volumes by Strauss

THE REV. DR. MILBURN,

Chaplain of the United States Congress.

and De Wette, were eagerly devoured. There came a time when that wife passed away, and successively six children were called to their rest. To-day, two adopted daughters do the reading, and attend to the correspondence of the chaplain. He has said, 'Openness of mind is the divinest gift of the soul, while universality of inquiry and catholicity of taste are the invariable attributes of the true critic and scholar.'

The blind man can give one a vivid description of men, places, and scenes, both in England and America. He walks much, being a great believer in outdoor exercise. Of New York he knows every inch. The Rev. William Arthur, M.A., has testified to this, and, writes: 'In the city of New York he was my best guide. It was amusing to see the facility with which he turned corners, especially when he drew near Franklin Square, the habitat of Harper's, the great publishing house, of which he was an inveterate habitue. Then, as he passed down Broadway, never looking to the opposite side of the street—and with what means of judging his position I cannot tell—he would say, "Now we are just passing Dr. B.'s church on the opposite side, you will remember so and so," telling you of any prominent feature in its architecture and internal arrangements; and if you chose to inquire about any prominent man's personal appearance, probably you would get the best description New York could furnish.' And, said an English cleric, who walked from the British Museum to Liverpool street with the blind man: 'He showed me the way; scarce a street of importance but what he knew. In City Road he pointed out Wesley's Chapel and Bunhill Fields, and told me all about them. In Old Street he noted the Hall of Science, and so on; and yet, for twenty years he had not traversed the way.' The ear, moreover, had been wonderfully trained to interpret voice, and by the aid of that organ unerring estimates of character are formed.

As a preacher it has been his rule to prepare his sermons carefully. His custom is to have the chapter from which any quotation is made carefully read. The lessons are committed to memory: a chapter is read twice, and the verses, four at a time, are repeated after the reader. At the age of seventy-two the powers of his memory are as great as ever. When a book is to be written, the whole is slowly dictated.

His own testimony in relation to his infirmity, in 1857, was:—

'The dearest compensation awarded the blind, is the love that attends his steps. I am told that this is a hard, cold, world; that man is the devil's child; that the child's works are worthy of the offspring of the father. I am assured that selfishness is the ruling law of life; that friendship is a name, and love a deceit. Such have I not found the world, or men. The heavy laden are dear to God; and man has not so utterly lost God's image, as not to be kind to those whom the Father loveth.'

And after thirty-nine years he endorses this view fully.

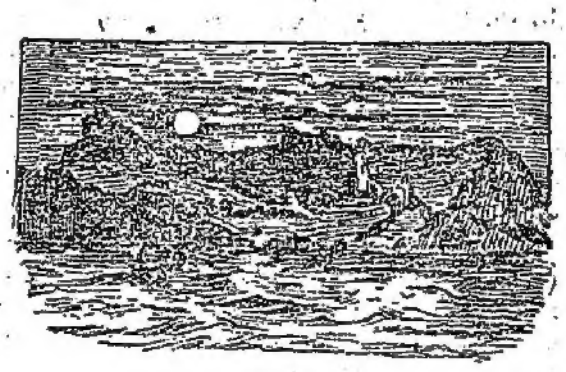
T. C. COLLINS.

On Patmos.

(Julia MacNair Wright, in 'Forward.')

There is a little island in the Aegean Sea, where, along the rough volcanic cliffs, a few mulberries and olives grow, while here and there orange and lemon trees perfect their globes of gold, and bees hum above narrow beds of thyme. Hills rising sharply over nine hundred feet from the blue level of the sea, afford grand outlooks, alike to the rising and setting sun. The ruins of a huge old fortress are there; in the deep undulations of the shore, are harbors where once pirates swarmed. Poor, barren, sparsely inhabited, ten miles in greatest length, and six in width, this island is known to fame in all the world; not from feats of arms or birth of kings, or great discoveries, or mineral riches, but because on one of its lonely crests a worn gray prisoner spent once a Sabbath day. Imperial Rome had chained him and set him his bounds in this penal island, but his soul was not bound. That gray head had rested once — perhaps often—on the bosom of his Lord, the Nazarene. His eyes had seen, his hands had handled the Word of Life. On that Sabbath day, on some one of those sharp hills, perhaps in that Cyclopean fortress, now decaying, beyond the glory of sunrise or sunset, John saw the eternal splendor of the Divine Man, garmented like the sun, and holding in his right hand seven stars. The sea washes the steep boundary cliffs of Patmos, with sharp sound, dashing in and drawing out of narrow clefts and flumes, and shrilly shrieking in its long battle with the land. John heard one whose 'voice was like the sound of many waters.' Before him passed not the panorama of the Aegean, with its fishing fleets, and its slave-rowed galleys, and its ships with high-beaked rostra, hastening with corn towards Rome, but the panorama of the world's future, down to the close of time. The mystery which no one has ever been able to solve was told him; angels spoke with him; heaven opened. There were in garrison; convicts, natives, Carians and Ionians by race, Roman serfs—twelve thousand, perhaps, crowded on the little island that day; but on none of their eyes fell the visions of the seer.

In the majesty of events drifting before his illumined eyes, Domitian, the emperor who had exiled him, was too insignificant to be noted. Rome and its grandeur, Greece and its glory passed away and their places are filled; nothing has taken the place of the



PATMOS.

wonderful seer and his wonderful vision. The name of the island has suffered change—Phora, Patmos, Patino; its religion has changed from pagan to Christian, and then to Mohammedan. The population has dwindled to one-third of that which swarmed there in John's time; Roman fortress, monkish convents and churches, have fallen into ruins; the deadly hand of the Turk grasps Patmos; the women of the island sit knitting in the sun, their children lying across their knees; the men, bent low, knead clay and mould pottery on the flying wheel; still, along the crest of the hills with their fringes of cypress and carob trees, hangs the glory of that Apocalypse which wrapped the soul of the beloved disciple on that Sabbath day.

'A Bit at a Time.'

It was during a mission. The Spirit of God had appealed to the consciences of many. The evening service was over, and the missioner was passing from pew to pew to converse with those who still remained in the building.

An old man, with white hair and bent back, could not fail to attract attention. His seamed hands covered his face, but failed to stem the tide of his tears, for they oozed through his fingers and fell on the floor.

'Are you saved?' asked the minister in a gentle whisper.

'Oh, no,' he replied. 'I wish I were; I do want to be saved. You do not know what a sinner I've been.'

'Never mind. If you are a great sinner you have a greater Saviour.'

'Oh! it is impossible I can be saved all at once,' he urged in a despairing voice.

'"Behold, now is the accepted time." "He is able to save to the uttermost."'

'Nay, nay. I cannot be saved all at once. I got a bit forgiven last night, and you shall do a bit more for me to-night if you'll be so kind, and I'll get a bit more forgiven to-morrow night, but I cannot expect to have the last bit forgiven till I die.'

The idea was so rooted in his mind that the hour was very late before he saw the all-sufficiency of Christ to forgive everything at once, and that by an appropriating faith he could make this his own without delay—

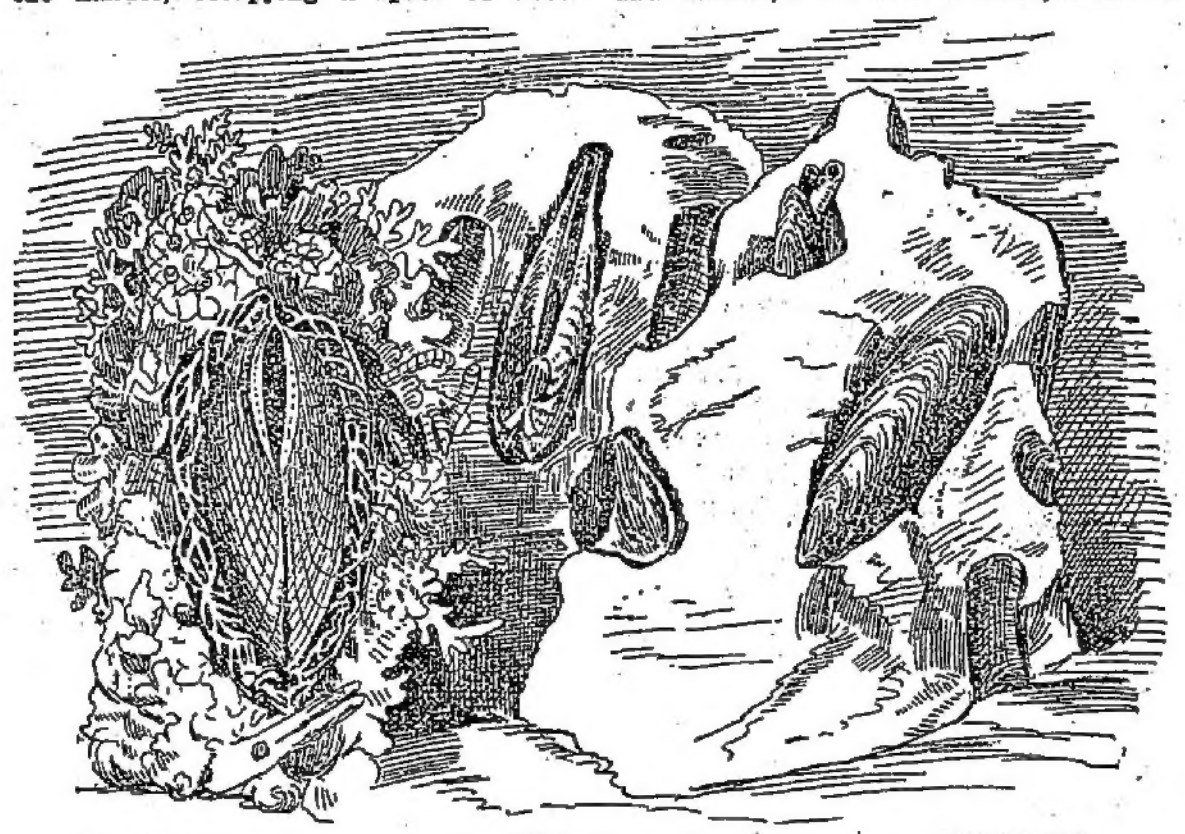
'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'—'The Christian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sea Shells That Build Nests.

(By Dr. Carpenter Preston.)

If it be thought surprising, as it must be to any one who considers the matter, that birds with no better appliances than their beaks, as they do not use their claws for the purpose, are capable of performing the delicate work necessary in constructing some of the more wonderfud masterpieces of bird architecture, and that mammals, reptiles, insects, and even crustacea and fish build burrows and nests, what must be thought of sea shells that do the same thing? At first sight an ordinary snuff-box, if life and power of opening and shutting its lid were granted it, might seem as well equipped for constructing the peculiar and beautiful nest of the Lima hians or excavating in solid gneiss or granite the burrows of the pholas, as those bivalves themselves. How is it done? Ah! that secret belongs to them, and they have never divulged it to mortal man. It is a prize puzzle, and lucky the chonchologist who solves it and can prove that he has done so; he will make his reputation. The Lima is a beautiful shell. It is oval oblique, and opens anteriorly. The edge of the mantle is fringed with long trailing processes of a reddish-golden color, that float behind it like the tresses of a mermaid as it swims through the water. Swim? Certainly it can swim, or better, perhaps, fly through the water, using the two valves forming the shell exactly as some butterflies of the extensive genus Pamhila, popularly called "skippers," from the short jerky character of their flight, use their wings. When resting upon the sea bottom, the Lima opens wide the valves of its shell, as these butterflies do when basking in the sun, but when disturbed flaps its light shells and darts away. As they settle quietly on the bottom again they anchor themselves securely,' says Professor Kingsley, describing them, 'by means of their provisional byssus, which they seem to fix with much care and attention, previously exploring every part of the surface with their extraordinary leach-like foot. The byssus, it may be remarked, is a most remarkable provision of nature, a silky bundle of fibres, from which the historian Gibbon said the old Romans wove a costly fabric. This tuft of long filaments is formed by a gland in what is called the foot of the mollusk, and issuing from between the valves of the shell and fastened to rocks, etc., serves to anchor this animal in its place. How the filaments are fastened has, I believe, never been explained. The nest of this intelligent pecten is formed of coraline shells and sand cemented together. The pholas, besides the ability it shows of working its way into solid rock, has other interesting properties. It is very good to eat for one thing, being esteemed a great delicacy in some parts of the British Isles, either cooked or uncooked. English people call them Piddocks, and the Piddock fishery is of no small account in their eyes. But that which gives them the greatest lustre in the eyes of the naturalist is their luminosity. Many molluska have more or less phosphorescence, but none so to speak can hold a candle to the phoias, either dead or alive. They shine in the dark with a bluish white light with such intensity that one immersed in milk has served for a sort of lamp, lighting up the faces of those about it; and of such permanence that one kept in honey remained luminous for over a year. Indeed, an eminent naturalist, speaking of eating this mollusk, says: 'Those who eat the pholas would appear in the dark as if they were swallowing phosphorus; a fisherman dining on this delicacy appeared to be giving them an exhibition of fire eating on a small scale.' The perforations produced in stone by this mollusk have given important testimony of the sinking and upheaval of the earth during the present geological period. 'Pozzuolo,' says the author of 'The Ocean World,' 'in Italy, touches on Solfaterre on the Lake Avernus, and is not far from Vesuvius, and in the bay is that monument of other days erroneously called the Temple of Serapis. It was probably a thermal establishment, established for its mineral waters, although the world has now agreed to call it a temple. However that may be, the bulding has been nearly levelled by the hand of time, aided considerably, no doubt, by the hand of man, and the ruins now consist of three magnificent columns, about forty feet high. But the curious and important fact is that these columns at about ten feet above the surface, are riddled with holes and full of cavities bored deeply into the marble, occupying a space of about three feet on each column. The cause of these perforations is not doubtful. In some of the cavities the shell of the operator is still found; and it is settled among naturalists that it belongs to a species of pholas. To enable the stone-boring mollusks, which live only in the sea, to excavate this marble the temple and columns must have been immersed at least twenty or thirty feet under water. It is only under such conditions the borers could have labored at their ease in the marble columns. But since these perforations are now visible ten feet above the surface, it is evident, that after having been a long time immersed under water, the columns have been elevated to their present position. The temple, restored to its primitive elevation, carries with it, engraved in the marble, ineffaceable proofs of its immersion.—'Popular Science News.'



'Lima Hians.' in its Coral Nest. 'Pholas.' in its Burrow. 'Lithodomus,' in its nest in Solid Granite.

SEA SHELLS THAT BUILD NESTS.

A Study in Proportion.

By MRS. CAROLINE ATWATER MASON.

(Missionary Leaflet.)

'Why, how good of you to come and see me this dull day!'

The speaker, Miss Montague, was an invalid, sitting alone by her fireside on a certain December afternoon. Her visitor, Mrs. Chester, a woman of commanding figure and noble face, had entered unannounced, as a familiar friend.

'You are better, of course, as usual?' she asked, bending to look at her friend, with affectionate irony in her smile. 'I see you have been having a headache; but no doubt it has been in some way an advantage to you, if only as needed discipline.'

Miss Montague's answering laugh brought sudden sunshine.

'I see you are suffering some disciplinary measure—your face shows it. Why are you carrying that large book? and why are you disquieted? Sit down right here and tell me all about it. Are you cold?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Chester, obeying the direction, 'I am not cold, I am only out of heart. Amy, I think I am ready to resign my position in the Missionary Society, and let some one else take it — some one who can make it more successful.'

'What has happened to trouble you. I am sorry for you to feel like that.'

'I have been doing a little private detective work during the last few weeks in one way and another, and I want to have you see the result. I have found the reason why some of our sisters do not attend the meetings, and I am willing for you to say whether there is not cause for discouragement. I want to go through this roll with you,' and she opened her book, 'and account for the members of our society as far as I can.'

'In the first place, Amy Montague, there are four hundred and twenty women in Unity Church.'

'What an army.'

'And less than two hundred of them have given their names as caring to engage in foreign missionary work. That is bad enough to begin with. Well, now, we'll call the names over:—Mrs. Brace—she has moved away. Mrs. Loring — her health is delicate; still, she attends the historical lectures this winter. Mrs. Bennett can't come to the meetings because the chairs are uncomfortable, she says. Miss Marsh attends occasionally. Mrs. Lee doesn't come, because she is afraid of being called upon to pray. Miss Montague makes up for Mrs. Lee by attending the throne of grace in our behalf, since she cannot attend the meetings. Mrs. Collins has a house full of company this winter. Mrs. Morris never fails—bless her! Miss Craig has attended two meetings this year. Mrs. Ware is getting ready to go to Europe. Miss Romeyne is taking painting lessons, and cannot spare time to come. Mrs. Hobbs ain't interested; she has "got tir-

ed of hearing about the heathen!" Isn't that awful? Think of the impiety of it!'

'I don't think the impiety is so great as in some of the other cases. She is pious enough to tell the truth, at least.'

'But, to think of being tired of hearing about the heathen!'

'She forgets, you see; that they are God's heathen.'

'That is true. I verily believe she thinks they are my heathen. She acted as if I was disposed to force them on her for my own private ends.' And Mrs. Chester smiled as she recalled the conversation.

'Mrs. Hobbs lacks imagination,' remarked Miss Montague. 'You see, she can't put herself in the place of a Chinese, or a Hindu, or an African woman. That is where she falls; and I think it is so with many others. You know Ruskin says that without imagination it is impossible to be reverent or kind.'

'I think it is conviction that is needed more than imagination — thorough-going conviction of personal duty—but I must go on with my roll. Mrs. Davis never comes; she has to give all her time to her music. Mary Pierce would come if she could; she does all in her power for us, and is a real comfort. Mrs. Gilman is learning Christian science, and therefore she cannot come! Mrs. Finch—oh, that is too absurd! — you never could guess why she stays away from the meetings! Mrs. Morris called on all the neighbors on the other side of the street and did not visit her. When the minister's wife cuts you direct what remains but to cut the missionary meetings? There seemed to be no other course open to her. I happen to know that Mrs. Morris had planned to make all the calls on the other side of South street the next afternoon, but took cold that damp day, and was confined to the house for a number of weeks.'

'Of course, you told Mrs. Finch.'

'O yes, but she still feels that the missionary circle is responsible.' And they both laughed.

Mrs. Chester proceeded with her roll-call, and closed her book at the end with an air of justifiable depression.

'You feel as if you and Mary Pierce, and half a dozen others were about all who have not bowed the knee to Baal, don't you?' asked Miss Montague, smiling.

Mrs. Chester did not reply.

'Come, my dear, don't establish yourself permanently under a juniper tree; it is a poor place for even a night's lodging. The question in point is, what is to be done? If all these good Christian women are neglecting service and privilege in this matter of foreign missions, there must be some one underlying reason. What is it?'

'Amy Montague,' Mrs. Chester exclaimed, 'the reason is that they don't read, and don't know the work, the workers, or the field.'

'But there are the papers and the magazines for this very purpose.'

'Yes, and they read everything else first, and once a year or so they have a missionary spasm, and race through everything they can find on some given subject, get up quite an enthusiasm, feel as if they had done God's service, and had placed missionaries and heathen under some obligation, and then they relapse into the old neglect.'

'You are very severe. It hardly seems as if this could be quite so,' returned Miss Montague, thoughtfully.

'It is not so with all, but it is so with very many,' said Mrs. Chester, rising. 'I must go, I have given you too much of my burden now. I am afraid it was selfish my coming.' And she looked anxiously into the face of her friend.

But there was no cloud there.

'I am particularly glad you came to me about it, because I know better how to pray now, and how to do a little work in my own line; you know my range is narrow. But you see, I can keep the papers at hand, and when people come in I can read them a bit here and there, and talk about the news from Asia and Africa occasionally. Isn't it strange how much more we discuss the contents of all other periodicals?'

'That is just the thing to do. Let people feel your enthusiasm, and they can't help taking fire. Good-bye! It is later than I thought, and I have to stop at Ethel Craig's for a moment to ask her to write a paper on Assam for our next meeting.'

'And you won't resign?'

'No, I'll go to praying instead.'

'It will be so much more useful. You know Paul didn't resign when word came through Chloe of the way the Corinthians were behaving. He thanked God first of all for the good and beautiful things about them—and he found so many, you know—and then he set to work to help them see their calling a little clearer. Patience, love.'

'Thank you,' and Mrs. Chester went out to her carriage.

This was on Friday. The Monday following, Mr. Morris, pastor of Unity Church, entertained the Ministers' Club at dinner. Consequently, we find Mrs. Morris vibrating between her kitchen and pantry, on Monday morning, in a state of activity which would have gladdened the expectant minds of the brethren, could they have seen it. While thus engaged she was interrupted by the announcement of a caller; and with the hope that the call might not be a long one, she hastened to the parlor, where Miss Ethel Craig awaited her.

Now, Miss Craig was of a literary turn of mind, and slightly touched with Anglomania. She belonged to the Browning Club, found Occultism delightful, and the 'Light of Asia' soul-refreshing. Miss Montague would have found no reason to complain that a lack of imagination disqualified her from taking an interest in the heathen; indeed, Miss Craig often said that there was something in the genius of the Hindu philosophy and poetry which peculiarly appealed to her, which is more than can be said of the average Anglo-Saxon. Miss Montague might perhaps have wished that Hinduism appealed to her less and Christianity more. The difficulty with Ethel Craig's imagination was simply that it had not been brought into captivity to Christ, whose name she professed.

Miss Craig now advanced to meet Mrs. Morris with both well gloved hands extended, a smile in her large soft eyes, and a word of apology on her lips.

'You must excuse my interrupting you at this time in the morning. So busy I know. I can quite imagine how it must be'; which, however, she could not in the least, as Mrs. Moris was distinctly aware. 'I won't detain you a moment, Mrs. Morris; I only want a little help. I have such an undertaking on my hands. Mrs. Chester insists on my writing a paper for the Missionary Society.'

'O I see,' replied Mrs. Morris, in a somewhat brief and business-like way. 'That will be very congenial work for you, I should think.'

Ethel Craig looked doubtful.

'Well, of course, it is not difficult for me to write; but I have a paper on hand now for the Browning Club, and it requires so much thought, you know; it is such a responsibility to touch one line of his. One fears so to misinterpret even a syllable or a comma, don't you know? Why, it will utterly destroy an entire passage. I feel my own—unworthiness, and that—you know how I mean—one seems so small and weak.' As she paused slightly, Mrs. Morris remarked—

'I don't think I should allow the commas to absorb too much time. I fancy Browning scattered them somewhat accidentally. About what are you to write for the meeting, may I ask?'

'O certainly. This is the object of my coming. I knew you could help me. Of course you have all the missionary literature; and I must begin reading now. It is Assam—missions and all that, you know, in Assam. Now, what would I better read?'

'You have the "Helping Hand," of course?'

'Well, that is just the trouble. Of course I subscribe, and it comes to the house, but really, I am so full of everything that it does get put aside—don't you know how that is so many times?—and I can't find the numbers now. I don't seem to recall anything about Assam. Of course, I have known about it.'

Mrs. Morris had risen, and now said cheerfully, although her mind was reverting somewhat longingly to the kitchen—

'If you will come up with me to the study, we will look over some files of different magazines and try to find what will help you.'

Accordingly the two ladies went upstairs, and while Mrs. Morris plunged into the depths of the closet where magazine files were kept, Miss Craig took up a volume of Matthew Arnold's poetry which she found upon the desk, and soon became absorbed in it.

Mrs. Morris thought she had never seemed so helpless as she did that morning, and half provoked, the little woman emerged from the closet with her arms full of pamphlets, and said—

'Now, if you like, you can help me to run these over and see which numbers have anything in point.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Ethel, springing to her feet. 'It does seem too bad to make you so much trouble. I recall more about Assam now; it seems to come back to me. It is in Africa, isn't it?' I remember. They wear so few clothes, and all that, don't you know?'

Mrs. Morris smiled.

'I shall have to make you a present of a missionary map. No, Assam isn't in Africa, my dear. It is in your beloved India.'

'O so it is! I thought it would all come back to me. The people are Buddhists, you remember,' added Ethel, with a smile of misplaced confidence.

'Brahminists, I believe. Here is an article which you will find useful.' And Mrs. Morris laid aside a copy of the magazine.

Ethel was mortified, but still cheerful, and in about half an hour went her way, leaving Mrs. Morris to return to her work and hurry all the morning to make up for the delay.

Ethel had exacted a promise that she would come in the week before the missionary meeting to hear her paper and criticise and—but this understanding was tacit — admire.

Hence, a fortnight later, being in the neighborhood of Ethel Craig's home one afternoon, Mrs. Morris ran in to see her, saying, as she found her in the library—

'How about that paper? Is it ready to read,and are you at liberty? I have just half an hour before a committee meeting at the Association rooms, and I can give this time to it if you can.'

Ethel wore a long and very aesthetic-looking tea gown of heliotrope-tinted cashmere that afternoon. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes dreamy and moist, as if with recent tears. A thick volume lay in the great easy-chair from which she had risen when Mrs. Morris entered the room. The latter lady's alert manner and clear-cut speech brought

into sharp contrast her air of introspection and the vague surprise which Mrs. Morris's proposition at first produced in her.

'O about Assam? Yes. Thanks. It is all ready; it did not take me long. You were awfully good to come. Does that chair suit you? You are well? You look so bright and strong always. I have a wretched headache.' She had seated herself now at a carved writing-desk and was opening different drawers in quest of her manuscript. Turning about from the desk suddenly, and looking pathetically at Mrs. Morris, she exclaimed—

'I daresay you read Tolstoi — everyone does. Have you read "Anna Karenina?"'

'I have not read it through, but I have glimpsed it. I know the book pretty well,' was the reply.

'I have just finished it, not ten minutes before you came in. The fact is, I have been perfectly absorbed in the thing for some time. You know there are almost eight hundred pages. It is a book that quite takes possession of you.'

'It is very powerfully written, certainly.'

'O a book to form an era in one's life! Professor Weissenwischer says it is the book of the age.'

Mrs. Morris groaned a little under-breath groan, which Ethel not noticing, continued—

'The character of Anna is the most artistically beautiful creation. How you are led on through phase after phase of her development, and with what noble simplicity the closing catastrophe is wrought out! The pathos and power of it completely mastered me.'

'That is unfortunate, I think,' Mrs. Morris was so heartless as to respond. 'If you are ready, shall we not have the paper now? My time is short.'

The paper was produced.

'I must do myself the justice to say, before I read this,' commented Ethel, 'that the subject did not really take hold of me—did not appeal to me, don't you know? The tribes of Assam are not of the higher order among the Hindus; many of them are very barbarous and rude, and with very slight intellectual capacity. I am inclined to think myself that it is useless attempting to civilize or Christianize them, although, of course, I did not say so.'

Upon this she proceeded to read her paper. It was a superficial sketch, of the cyclopaedia order, quite from the outside, carelessly thrown together, without motive, without heart, without sympathy. The work of the various missionaries received slight mention; the whole closed with an artificial attempt at literary display.

Mrs. Morris could only say to herself, 'Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal!'

Now, Mrs. Morris was a remarkably even-tempered and forbearing woman, but she was capable, on occasion, of being roused and fired in every fibre; and, as she sat there in the Craig library, with periodicals of art and literature strewn thickly about, masses of books in the background, and 'Anna Karenina' to the fore, and listened to Ethel Craig, an able-bodied Christian woman, intoning her unilluminated platitudes on work whose greatness she could not even discover when brought face to face with it—when, I say, this particular conjunction of circumstances, motives, and emotions came about, Mrs. Morris lost her temper, as a Christian woman may, in a blaze of righteous indignation.

Ethel Craig, laying down her manuscript and looking up with the scarcely concealed thought that if this were her very poorest literary work, it would yet be rated good in missionary circles, was amazed at the look of almost stern disapproval on her critic's face.

'It isn't much, of course,' she began.

'You are right, Ethel,' Mrs. Morris broke in upon her half-apologetic murmur, 'It is, in fact, very little. It is less than you could have done, and so less than you had a right to do. I can hardly understand how you, who feel so keenly the responsibility of writing about Robert Browning, and who fear to misinterpret one syllable of his, can interpret the words of Christ so lightly. It is not clear to me how you can satisfy yourself with giving the Word of God so meagre thought.'

Ethel Craig looked up at the speaker with startled eyes and changing color.

'Have you received your "Helping Hand" for January?'

The question came categorically, and Ethel faltered—

'I think it must have come; I don't remember.'

'The other magazines of the month, I see, have come.'

'O yes,' returned Ethel, a little relieved at what seemed a turn in the conversation, 'the "Century" is there, and the "Atlantic," and others; wouldn't you like to look at them?'

'I thank you, no, not to-day. Have you read them?'

'Oh, not entirely, yet; still, I have glimpsed them, as you say — such an expressive term!'

'If you had read the new number of the "Helping Hand," if you had even glimpsed it, Ethel, you would have found an article there entitled "Faithful unto Death," which would have interested you, I think. It would, at least, have led you to allude in your sketch to one noble life sacrificed within the year for the redemption of Assam. You must forgive me if I speak very plainly. It is because I believe in your sense of justice and truth that I think it worth while, and because, dear, we both want to be loyal to our Master.'

'But, you see, when I came in I found you completely absorbed in "Anna Karenina," excited, enervated, in tears, your head aching, having rushed at fever heat through those endless pages, written by a man who denies the divinity of our Lord, and rejects his sacrifice. You were crying over the fate of this creature of his imagination, whose life might be fitly characterized as faithless unto Death—a life totally, awfully, selfish from first to last—bringing desolation wherever it touched—ending in a reckless, ignoble self-destruction.

'A heart of tenderness and eyes full of tears for this woman, whose only redeeming feature is that she never existed, and for a woman like Orrell Keeler, pure, radiant, real, consumed with love, the great spirit fighting ceaselessly with the frail body, the whole life sacrificed for the souls of dull, barbaric men—for a life like that you have not even five minutes of time. Is there nothing, I wonder, in the strange, swift tragedy of her life which would appeal to you?'

Mrs. Morris paused, looking with impassioned eyes into Ethel's face. She saw that the girl was touched, and she continued:—

'To me, it is disloyalty, pure and unqualified disloyalty, to Christ, to the Church, to our profession, and to the few real heroes among us, to read everything that the caprice of fashion for the hour dictates, and leave unread all which would keep us in sympathy with these workers for God.' If you, Ethel, with your cultivated mind, and vivid imagination, had been reading our missionary papers habitually, as they were published, instead of spasmodically, such a mechanical piece of work as that'—touching the unfortunate production on Assam, which had dropped from Ethel's hand upon the sofa—'would have been impossible to you. I want you to be large minded and great of heart enough to reverence and work and honestly pray for even men and women like those of Assam who do not belong to the highest caste, and do not illustrate the "Light of Asia," in its beneficent effects in anywise. As Mrs. Browning says, we need to

"Learn more reverence—not for rank and wealth—that needs no learning,
That comes quickly—quick as sin does—ay, and often works to sin;
But for Adam's seed, man! trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning
With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within!

'Those poor groping souls might have been real to you, Ethel, the missionary worker's flesh and blood, and of your own kin according to the Spirit, and you could have made it all real and vitalizing, and rendered yeoman service.'

'Perhaps I can yet,' said Ethel very low, with a faint smile.

'What a good, sweet child you are to take my scolding so patiently. But these papers I am talking about are worth your reading. Brain and culture, and refined taste, and admirable discrimination go into them, and many prayers and the life of consecrated hearts. Am I wrong in saying that it is disloyal to set all this at naught, as many people do, in order to spend all the time we have for reading in keeping up with all the latest flotsam and jetsam of fictitious literature, if so we may pass muster in society as cultured? I wonder which kind of study would qualify us better for the highest circles.' And Mrs. Morris glanced up with a bright little smile.

'I am awfully ashamed,' said Ethel, quickly tearing her condemned manuscript in pieces as she spoke.

'Now, do you regard me as a very fierce person?' Mrs. Morris had risen as she spoke, for all her time was gone, and stood smiling down at Ethel, who, with real sweetness, answered:—

'No, indeed: I shall keep every word you have said. I believe I have been needing this kind of mental surgery for some time.' And with that, off flew Mrs. Morris, to meet her committee.

It was late in the afternoon of the missionary meeting, and Miss Montague sat all alone by her parlor fire, when the door opened, and Mrs. Chester put her head in, her face quite shining with happiness.

'Amy!'

'You surprising creature! Are you on your way home from the meeting? Do come in and tell me about it,'

'I can't come in. The best meeting we ever had, and ever so many there. Keep on praying, Amy, won't you? I do believe we'll get all the women in the church to coming yet. They won't be able to help themselves.'

'How was Ethel Craig's paper?'

'Wonderfully good! It was the greatest surprise and joy to me. I knew she had ability, but I never knew her to throw herself, heart and soul, into this kind of thing before. It was brimming with energy and spirit; everyone was stirred by it.'

'I wish she would come and read it to me.'

'I know she will; I will ask her. We had a free discussion, after the paper, about reading our missionary literature steadily, and Ethel spoke very earnestly about the mistake of neglecting it. She was very humble about it and very serious. I think some one has been stirring her up. I wonder who it was.'

'After so Many Years.'

('Temperance Record.')

During my wanderings as a temperance speaker I visited, a few years ago, the interesting little town of Silverdale. If the reader has ever travelled along the old coach road between London and Bath he will possibly remember it. I was the guest on that occasion of a tradesman I had before heard spoken of as a most industrious and thrifty teetotaller, and one of the best workers connected with the local temperance society. He had worked his way up from the position of a journeyman, mechanic in the employ of an ironmonger, until he had himself become established in a prosperous way of business, and the owner of the shop and premises which he occupied. He was a middle-aged man, married, but without children; his wife appearing to be in every respect a helpmeet for him. I heard, moreover, that he was an active member of the Good Templar lodge, a Sunday-school teacher, and a deacon of the Congregational Church.

I was much struck with the neatness and homeliness of my kind host's surroundings, and the evidences of thrift and comfort everywhere to be seen. The shop, though small, was well stocked, the sitting-room well furnished, a door opening into a small glass-house, where, besides some choice flowering plants, there was a profusion of luscious-looking ripe tomatoes hanging from the vines overhead.

'I was not always a teetotaller,' said my host, as we were chatting together after the meeting. 'In my younger days, until I was two or three and twenty years old I drank heavily. I became a teetotaller to obtain a wife. I set my mind on this little woman, but knew very well there was not the slightest chance of making her mine unless I became one.'

'That there certainly was not,' replied the wife. 'Long before I knew my husband I had firmly resolved never to look at a young man who ever touched strong drink.'

'A very wise resolve,' I said.

'It is seventeen years since I signed the pledge,' said the husband, 'and we have been married sixteen years, and I have had no cause to regret either my teetotalism or my marriage. It was a terrible struggle, however, to get the better of the drink crave, but whenever I was tempted to break away I thought of her. She has been a good little wife to me.'

'I have been a total abstainer all my life,' said the wife, "and thankful I am that I know not the taste of either beer, wine, or spirits. I think I should die if I had a husband who drank.'

'I think you are both to be congratulated in having remained true to your temperance principles,' and I felt quite delighted to witness the comfort and happiness in their home life, which, to a large extent, was owing to the absence of strong drink.

'It would be very different now, sir, if drink had ever been allowed on this table. I have a good business, a convenient house and shop all my own, the means to indulge in my hobbies of a greenhouse and a small poultry-yard. I am a member of, and an office-bearer in a Christian Church, besides doing what little I can to help on the temperance cause. What more, sir, need we desire? But I know not what might have been had drink ever been allowed to come between us.'

'I shudder to think of it,' said the wife.

Who could think that the accursed thing would ever enter such a home as that! I never dreamt of the possibility even.'

Two years passed away, and I again visited Silverdale. Not having received any intimation from the secretary as to where I should be entertained, I naturally made my way to the residence of the friends who received me on a previous occasion. I walked into the shop, and while waiting for someone to answer the bell, it seemed to me that the place was greatly changed. The shop had lost its brightness, and dust and disorder had taken the place of neatness on the shelves. Presently Mrs. —— appeared, and I was quite startled to notice the change which had taken place in her. She looked years older than she did when I had seen her before, her face being pale and careworn, with trouble in every line of the countenance.

'You are not to stay with us this time, sir,' she said, in answer to my inquiries; 'the secretary of the temperance society has arranged for you to be entertained by his own parents.'

'I am rather sorry,' said I, 'for I have very pleasant recollections of the few hours I spent with you and your good husband when here before.'

'You are not more sorry than I am,' was the reply; 'but things have changed since then.'

'What is the matter?' I asked.

'Have you heard nothing?'

'You are the first person in the town I have spoken to.'

'Then you will be surprised to hear that my husband has broken his pledge,' and unable to control herself any longer she gave way to a flood of tears.

'Is it possible?' I exclaimed. 'I am perfectly astounded that after so many years of happiness and prosperity, and usefulness he should go back to the drink. I thought the dreadful passion which possessed him in his younger days was dead and buried long ago.'

'It never died,' was the sad reply; 'it only slumbered, and the awakening is terrible. It is breaking my heart,' and she sobbed again most piteously.

I tried to say what I could by way of comfort and the encouragement of hope, asked to be remembered kindly to the husband, and to say that I would endeavor to see him in the morning. I then left for the meeting.

At the close of the meeting I received a message from Mrs. ——, saying that she and her husband would be much pleased to receive me as their guest, and would take it as a great kindness if I would stay with them. Of course, I accepted the invitation, only glad of the opportunity promised of making some effort to restore the erring one.

After supper and a little chat, Mrs. —— withdrew, leaving her husband and myself alone.

'I am surprised beyond measure,' said I, 'to hear that you have broken your pledge. How could you, my friend, after so many years?'

'You may well ask,' he said. 'It came about in this way, to put it in as few words as possible. Me and my wife had a word or two about a little matter, and to spite her I drank a pint of beer. I had no idea what the consequences would be, but I had no sooner tasted than the old passion revived, and I have been drinking ever since. My business is fast going to ruin, I have given up all meetings, withdrawn from the church, and ceased to attend the services at the chapel. I am going to the devil, sir, or, rather, after these many years, the devil has returned to me.'

For long that evening I wrestled with him, and with God for him, but all seemed of little avail, whether from callousness or despair one could hardly say.

'Look here, sir,' he said to me at last; 'I can give you a passage of Scripture that applies exactly to my case: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."'

He wished me good-night, and I have not seen him since.

WANDERER.

Delivered.

(By Helen R. Robb.)

"Papy, kin I go to Sunday-school?' Lish asked coaxingly, climbing to his father's lap, with Spot, his little gray and white kitten under one arm, as he and kitty always did when 'papy's' work was done.

'No,' his father answered; and nothing more did he say, though he sat looking out toward the river, with its long bridge, till all the pink and white clouds had grown gray. Then the clouds drifted down the sides of the big old mountain that Lish meant to climb when he was a man. Curled up in his father's arms, he thought about it now, and wondered again what the world on the other side would look like when he would some day stand on the top and peep over the edge. Then, somehow, all at once, it was morning, and the sun was shining all over his little bed.

It was a lonely life for the little boy in the Tennessee mountains, for he had no mother, and no one lived in the little log cabin in the hollow except his father and him. Often, the only sound was the whistle of an engine and the rumble of the cars that flew past every day.

When 'papy' drove off to town with barter, Lish could play in the branch, where the stones were slippery and green, and the sun made queer patterns on the grass and sparkling spots on the water wherever it could creep through the tiny spaces between the leaves of the willows and water-oaks; or he could build houses of mussel shells on the river bank; or even climb up the side of the mountain as far as the old lightning-struck pine where a little red squirrel of Lish's acquaintance had his home. But he promised he would never go on the railway track, and he had always kept his word.

This was Sunday morning, and as Lish sat on his favorite limb of the apple tree beside the cabin door, with Spot clasped in his arms, he saw the Jennings children coming along the dusty road, all with clean hands and faces. Sa'an had on a new pink calico apron, and Tildy a green sunbonnet; and, oh, wonder of all, Josh had perfectly new shoes, tied together by the strings, and slung over his shoulder, their clean white soles shining in the sun.

Lish understood it all in a moment, and dropping from his lookout to the ground, he ran to find his father.

'O papy;' he cried, 'the Jenningses is all goin' to Sunday-school, an' even the baby's clean. An' Josh has shoes, an' he's goin' to put them on 'fore he gits thar, an' wear 'em! He's goin' to wear shoes in summer time!'

His father nodded and went on mending the piece of harness he held between his knees.

Lish lingered, rubbing his toes into the hot ground, and looking shyly into his father's sunburned face.

'Can't I go, too, papy?' he ventured, at last.

'I ain't got money to waste in shoes fer you to burn out on the rocks this time o' year,' was all the answer he got.

But the next Sunday morning his father

opened the box that held the few garments that were not needed for everyday wear, and took out a little pair of blue cotton trousers, a pink calico waist, a straw hat, and a pair of shoes. Lish screamed with delight, and hugged his father's legs.

When the Jennings procession came in sight he was out in the road, dressed in his new clothes, and ready to join them. It was a very happy little boy who, for the first time in his life, heard other children singing and reciting together 'Our Father.'

All summer the Sunday-school was held in the shady grove of cedars, the good man who had come a long distance to teach the children sitting on the ground, with his scholars about him, and Lish learned with wonder of the Father whom he had never known before.

One day, in autumn, he and Spot were alone, for 'papy' had gone to town with a load of corn, early in the morning, before Lish was awake, leaving a bowl of milk and a big piece of corn bread on the table for his breakfast and dinner.

Toward evening he went down to the spring to get a drink, and became interested in watching the queer little tadpoles wriggling around in the hollows made by the cow's feet in the soft mud when they, too, came to get a drink of the cool water, when he was startled by a dog's loud bark. Looking up he saw poor little Spot flying as fast as her soft feet could carry her, followed by Mr. Dolton's big black dog. Lish ran down the hollow to rescue kitty, and then scrambled up the steep bank when she turned in that direction. When he reached the top, kitty was still ahead, with old Tige following fast. On they flow, and Lish did not notice that Tige gave up the chase and bounded down the bank; he only saw his frightened little kitten ahead of him.

Suddenly he stopped for he saw water far down beneath his feet, and he knew that he was not only on the forbidden railway track, but that he stood on the bridge. Kitty had stopped, too, and was mewing pitifully. He could not let her stay there till she fell into the river or the dreadful cars came and

'HE SAW THAT IT WAS TOO LATE.'

crushed her, he thought. She only clung to one of the cross-ties where she had stopped, and would not come when he called, so he must reach her.

He crept on hands and knees along the track. It was very beautiful, with the red light of the sunset quivering and changing toward the farther bank, and underneath him, the dark, still depths, but it made his head swim. Slowly he neared the place, and at last clasped the kitten. He tried to turn, but with one hand grasping Spot, he was afraid to let go his hold with the other, and clung tremblingly to the rail, not knowing what to do.

At last he heard the rumbling sound that he had learned to know, and felt the rail quivering beneath his hand. He knew a train was coming, and made a desperate effort to turn around, but felt that he was going to fall. Then he thought of creeping to the opposite end of the bridge, but it stretched so far ahead that he knew he could not reach it in time. At last a happy thought came to him, and unfastening his waist, he thrust kitty into his bosom, buttoning her up tight and fast. Then he succeeded in turning around, but he saw that it was too late; the great black engine was coming, and was already almost at the bridge.

'Papy!' he screamed, in a shrill, trembling voice; but, at the same moment, he knew that his father was not yet come home.

Suddenly, he remembered the Father of whom the teacher had taught him, the Father who was able to give his children any help they needed. So he began the prayer—the only one he knew—'Our Father, which art in heaven.'

The terrible noise came nearer; he was sick and faint, but he prayed on, not doubting that help would come; 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!—deliver us from—'

Far below on the road a man in a waggon looked up to see the train pass. He sprang to his feet and cried, 'O God! my baby!' The little figure on the bridge disappeared; the great, heavy wheels passed more and more slowly, and then stopped. Clambering up the bank on hands and knees, he saw the train men lifting his little boy from the timbers below the bridge, where he had fallen when he fainted; and in a moment more he had him in his arms—unhurt!

'Papy, do you know who put me down thar under the bridge, till the cars was gone?' Lish whispered sleepily, as he nestled safe in his father's arms that evening when they sat outside the door in the twilight.

'It was our Father,' he said; for papy did not answer, but only hugged him close.

The next Sunday Lish's father went with him to Sunday-school under the cedar trees.

'I'm goin' to larn about that thar Father, too,' he said to himself as he walked along the road, holding fast the little hand that he thought he had so nearly lost.—'Well-spring.'

The Story of 'One-Tenth.'

A young lady had formed the purpose of giving one-tenth of a small income earned during the year by herself, to the cause of Christian benevolence. Faithfully, month after month, she had put down her occasional charities with her other expenditures, and when it came for the time of closing up the account, and arranging the balance, she discovered that the sum of five dollars was due the benevolent column.

Now this person was young in years, and especially in Christian experience and benevolence, and she had never in all her life given so large a sum at one time as five dollars for anything except for purposes of self-gratification. It happened to be a severe lesson for her to learn in the school of benevolence and she at once entered upon a fierce struggle with her love of self, her sense of duty, and a natural desire to keep her word and promise good. 'Perhaps you have made a mistake,' whispered self-love. 'You had better go all over that account once more, and be sure you do it very carefully this time.'

At this suggestion the young girl brightens up again, and bends once more to her task, knitting her brows very severely and comparing the two columns carefully with the cash in her own pocket-book. But it is all to no purpose. Figures do not lie, and the stern fact of figures still declares that the five dollars is wanted at the end of the same column. Self-love then gives a long sigh of disappointment, but still whispers, 'Five dollars is a large sum for a girl like you. Other girls do not give as much as that, and why should you? Then think of what that money would buy. What a lot of things you want, and really ought to have, like the other girls! There are some things you ought to have this very moment for the sake of respectability,' etc. But the next moment the girl's better nature and the tender uprising of real Christian love in her heart bids her be true and faithful to the vow she has made, and whispers that she will be happier in denying the enticements of self-love than in the indulgence of self-gratification. A long while our brave young heroine endures this hard conflict with self-love, but, finally, a five-dollar bill is enclosed in an envelope and directed to the treasurer of the benevolent societies of her church, and she arises from her little writing-desk a happier girl than when she sat down, and one much better fitted to enter on the many other battles in life which may be before her.

* * * * * * *

In a distant city the treasurer of a benevolent society sits poring wearily over his missionary accounts. For several years he has been bending every energy to the task of paying a long-standing debt on the permanent fund, which had accumulated by too frequent borrowing to pay the annual deficiencies in the benevolent income. The year was drawing near its close, and a few hundred dollars yet remained of the old debt unprovided for. It was an anxious and prayerful hour for the good secretary. He had for many months been sending out appeals to the friends of the mission cause, and many had responded with generous gifts; but still there was a deficiency, and the secretary's heart was set on the payment of that entire indebtedness.

The secretary's deep 'brown study,' was interrupted at last by the postman's ring and the arrival of the noon mail. Eagerly he turned from his desk to open the letters, and scarcely pausing to read their contents, extracted with hopeful expectancy from a few of them those little bank slips which are so welcome to men in his profession. There was one cheque for two hundred dollars, and right then and there, with the cheque in his hand, the happy man sang the doxology with a full and thankful heart. After examining the last bank slip he found that there was just five dollars lacking to make up the full amount of that troublesome old debt. With all his gratitude, how could he keep back just that one little sigh of disappointment as he exclaimed, 'Oh, why could not that dear, good brother have added just that one five-dollar bill to his contribution?'

The evening mail, however, brought the secretary one more missionary offering; and never, perhaps, was a letter more welcome. The letter was signed with a young lady's name, and read as follows:

Dear Secretary,—Please find enclosed five dollars. Use it where it will do the most good. M. S.

When, a few weeks later, our young friend took up her religious paper and read the inspiring account of how the 'back of that old mission debt had been broken at last, and that the honor of laying on the very last straw must be attributed to her own five dollars, which came at the last moment,' her astonishment and joy and gratitude can be imagined. Did she not feel paid and honored a thousand times over for the slight self-sacrifice the giving of that money had occasioned? Who can trace the subtle connecting link in the spiritual cord between the secretary's prayers and the young lady's self-denial? He who notes the sparrow's fall regards as well the slightest transaction of his children, and no true and unselfish desire or act of theirs can escape his attention and divine guidance.—Ida H. Fullenton, in the 'Morning Star.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Baby's Gaurdian.

A gentleman took, not long ago, a collie, who, after the fashion of its kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed especial responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl, three years of age. It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared the house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark and then jump down again, constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her. In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times round an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were the prints of the baby's shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well; walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.—'Band of Hope Review.'

Mother's Tears.

When Cyrus Hamlin was a small boy he had seven cents given him by his mother to celebrate muster-day. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. 'Perhaps, Cyrus,' said she, 'you will put a cent or two in the missionary contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's.'

As he trudged along he began to ask 'Shall I drop in one cent or two? I wish she had not said "one or two."' He decided on two. Then conscience said, 'What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! five for gingerbread and two for souls!' So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt that it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls.

When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger; and, smiling through tears, she gave him a royal bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asked, 'What was the meaning of mother's tears?' — American Paper.

The Weed's Wings.

'Mamma, I never knew weeds were so pretty. Just look here!' And Gracie held before her mother a downy white globe of the daintiest texture, clinging to a stiff brown little stem.

'Isn't it beautiful?' said mamma. 'See, the globe is made up of white wings.'

'Wings!' said Gracie, wonderingly. 'They look like little white stars.'

'Yes,' answered mamma, 'they do, 'but they are really wings. Do you see the cluster of little brown seeds at the centre?'

'Yes,' said Gracie, looking at it carefully.

'Now,' said mamma, 'pull one of them out. No; wait. Blow the globe instead.'

So Gracie blew upon it gently, and, lo! away floated the little white stars, each carrying with it a tiny brown seed.

'Now, do you see,' asked mamma, 'why I called them wings? Each little seed has a wing, and when the wind blows upon it it flies away, carrying its seed with it, and then it drops down, sometimes a long way from the spot where the little weed which bore it grew, and there the little seed lies until it sinks into the earth, ripens and sends forth another weed of the same kind.'

'Isn't it wonderful, mamma? And see how beautiful each little wing is. I shall never say "old weeds" again. Their seed wings are as pretty as the flowers.' — 'Youth's Companion.'

What Van Left Off.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons 'that run up and down abind.'

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand, the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and of course they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down and ''hind side 'fore,' while the way that the legs and arms of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid that it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

'There, everything is on now!' shouted Van.

'Why, no, Van,' said Papa, soberly,' you haven't put everything on yet!'

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tip of his small toes to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

'You haven't put your smile on yet,' said Papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. 'Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!'

And if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie. — Webb Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion.'

'Mother's Comfort.'

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is 'Mother's Comfort,'
For all the livelong day,
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Brighter far than floods the skies.
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of 'Mother's Comfort'—
This little treasure mine.

—Anon.

A Morning Visit.

'Good morning, Dickie,' said little Bob. Dick put up his wise old head over the gate, and made a noise as if trying to answer.

Sister Nell lifted Bob up that he might stroke Dick's nose.

'You are a good old horse,' said little Bob. Then he turned

to Sister Nell. 'Let us bring dear Bob an apple,' he said.

They asked mother if they might, and she said 'Yes.' So they went to the orchard and fetched one, and Bob put it in Dick's mouth. Dick said nothing, but they could see that he was pleased.—Our Little Dots.

Sins of the Tongue.

Elsie sat reading an old-fashioned fairy story. It was about a beautiful maiden. She was good as she was fair, and from her lips pearls, diamonds and rubies fell when she spoke. But an evil witch got the maiden in her power, and changed the precious stones into frogs and toads and other hideous creatures.

'Come play tennis, Elsie,' cried Arthur, running in.

'I am tired,' said Elsie; 'I'd rather read.'

'Such stuff!' cried Arthur, looking over his sister's shoulder. 'I'd be ashamed to be a girl and think such things are true.'

'They're true to me,' said Elsie, her eyes filling with tears.

Mamma was listening.

'They're truer than you think, Arthur,' she said.

'That rubbish?' he asked, but a little more respectfully in tone.

'Yes,' said Mamma.,'Of course no little girl or boy believes in witches who can change pearls and diamonds into frogs and lizards. But there are evil spirits that get in children's hearts and work as much mischief.

'I have two little children myself, and I know.'

'Sometimes their words are like sweet flowers to me. That's when the good fairies, Love, Sunny-temper, and Unselfishness have been working in the gardens of my children's hearts. But sometimes the words change, and make my poor heart sick. Then I know that Bad Temper, Witch Crosspatch and Sprite selfishness have been at work. Their magic is ugly and I know it well.'

'That's just a Sunday-school lesson,' said Arthur.

'Isn't it true?' asked Mamma.

'Too true, I guess,' he admitted.

'Yes,' said Elsie, 'it's truer than these stories. Come on, I'll play tennis, Arthur!'—'Sunbeam.'

A Day of Sunshine.

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?
—Longfellow.

Let the prospect of a dwelling 'in the house of the Lord forever' reconcile thee to any of the roughness or difficulties in thy present path, . . . lead thee to forget the intervening billows, or to think of them only as wafting thee nearer and nearer to thy desired haven.—J. R MacDuff.

The 'Prince of Gamblers' Converted.

(By Matthew Burnett, Evangelist.)

At one of my meetings in Ballarat, I saw, standing just within the door, a tall, spare-looking gentleman, with his coat buttoned up to his chin. I noticed his remarkable head and expression, and asked a lady near me who he was. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'that is Dr. Mitchell, the greatest gambler and drinker in Ballarat. He drinks two bottles of brandy every day, and his wife is often reduced to poverty by his gambling losses. Mr. Burnett, if you can make that man one of your temperance converts, you will deserve the thanks of the community, and you may thank God that you ever came to Ballarat.' I afterwards discovered that Dr. Mitchell had occupied a prominent position in the Old Country. He was the son of a goldsmith in the city of Birmingham, and had been educated for the medical profession. After taking his degree, he had gone to London, where he had attained eminence as an oculist, and was fast making a fortune, when he had to leave the country on account of the hold that drink had obtained upon him. He went to Melbourne, thinking that the change of scene, separation from his old gambling friends, and the impetus of a new start, might cure him; but in a short time he fell into his old ways. He made money, but he gambled it away quicker than he could make it. When I saw him he was six hundred pounds in debt for drink and losses at cards. I at once said that I should call upon him. 'What,' said the friend, to whom I spoke, 'do you mean to go and see old drunken Dr. Mitchell? His case is hopeless.' —'Well, I mean to try him at all events.'

I set out to visit the prince of gamblers of Ballarat. As I approached the door my courage failed me, but I rang the bell. 'Is the doctor in?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Would you tell him that Matthew Burnett, the Yorkshire evangelist, would like to see him?' A voice called out, 'I shall be in in a minute or two'; and soon he appeared, stiff and erect, with his coat buttoned up to the chin. I felt a choking sensation in my throat. I did not know what to say. It came to me like an inspiration : 'I called, doctor, to see if I could prevail upon you to take a platform ticket to support the chairman. If you could come this ticket will enable you to enter by the side door, and you will thus escape the crush.' 'I did not say anything about the brandy,—'Thank you. I have great pleasure in accepting your ticket. Will you come inside?' But I excused myself and left.

The meeting was on the Saturday night, and as soon as I was gone, the doctor went to his wife and told her of my visit. He said: 'Mr. Burnett never mentioned the brandy. It is evident he thinks there is some hope for me, though some people think my case hopeless. I will reduce my quantity from two bottles of brandy daily to one; and on Saturday I will commence my bottle early, and by twelve o'clock I will be as sober as a judge.' At eight o'clock on Saturday evening the doctor arrived. All the audience recognized him, and there were exclamations of surprise. 'Has the doctor taken the pledge?' 'Wonders will never cease.' Then someone shouted, 'Give the old doctor a cheer!' and a hearty cheer was given. At the call of the chairman I rose, and I fully recognized the responsibility that was upon me. I told of J. B. Gough's fight and victory over drink, and when I had finished, I invited the audience to sign the pledge. For half a minute there was silence; no one moved. Then Dr. Mitchell rose to his feet. It was as if that had been the signal for an outburst of applause. The audience rose to its feet; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the men threw up their hats, as the prince of gamblers, and the greatest drinker in Ballarat, signed the temperance pledge. Many thought that the doctor's reformation would be but a thing of days. But it was not. He came again to the church where I had first met him, and there he found a Saviour and a Keeper in the Lord Jesus. He worked night and day till he had paid off his gambling debts; and for six years after that he lived a sober consistent Christian life, and then went home to be with his God. If God can save such a man, can he not save you? He can if you will but permit him — if you will but give yourself to his saving and his keeping. — London 'Christian Herald.'

Substitutes For Alcohol.

As temperance men are continually asked by lovers of the cup what they are to use as substitutes for alcohol, we extract the following from a recent work by the late Professor Kirk, on 'Medicinal Drinking': 'Is there anything else that can give relief in fatal illness such as that given by alcohol? I would answer this by stating some little of what I have myself witnessed. Take two cases of fatal asthma. I have seen one person passing from this life through the sore ordeal of this disease, constantly relieved by potions of alcoholic liquor; I have seen another passing through the same, relieved by sips of hot water. The relief in the case in which the water was used, was not only as visible as in that of the alcohol, but with the water there was an entire absence of the deplorable restlessness that always follows the fiery drug so often used. No one carefully comparing the two cases could help preferring that in which "heat" was really introduced in the water, to that in which the "feeling" of it was produced by the other liquor. I have seen another case — one of fatal consumption. The prescription of the medical man was "wine," given often, or "whiskey," if preferred. Small quantities of wine were used. The patient was miserable. By other advice the alcohol was discontinued, and the juice of an orange, mixed with a little sugar and water, given instead. The relief called forth blessings on the head of him who prescribed the change. We should think the best of all wines for the invalid would be that which God himself has given, the juice of the grape, before it has been destroyed by the process which produces alcohol. As it comes fresh from the vine, this liquor contains some thirty percent of nourishment for man, and is otherwise in every way fitted to support and refresh the body. In full preservation, though kept for years, with all its qualities of excellence, it can be obtained just as easily as fermented grape wine, and certainly ought to be used in preference to the fiery and mischievous compounds that pass under the name.'

Startling Testimony.

One of the most successful ministers in the United States, is the Rev. J. M. Caldwell, D.D., pastor of the Park Avenue Church, Chicago.

In discussing methods of dealing with converts, he spoke recently of the peculiar temptations which come to them. Among other things, he made this remark:

'In all my ministry I have never known a man who has been an inebriate, but that, when he was converted, if he did not give up tobacco he slipped back into his sin.

'For a long time this was a mystery to me, but when I learned that the cabbage and burdock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound together with Jamaica rum, I realized fully the danger threatening a reformed inebriate who indulges in tobacco.'

This is startling testimony. The devil will not worry much over the fact that some of his slaves have thrown off the whiskey fetters if he can only keep the tobacco irons on them.—'Epworth Herald.'

Lesson Hymn.

For all Thy saints, who from their labor rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant, rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia.

W. W. HOW, 1854.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 12.

Paul's Last Words.

II. Timothy iv., 1-8, 16 18. Read verses 1-22. Commit verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'—II. Tim. iv., 7.

Home Readings.

M. 2 Tim. i.,1-18.—'Timothy, my dearly beloved son.'
T. 2 Tim ii., 1-16.—'Thou, therefore, my son, be strong.'
W. 2 Tim. iii., 1-17. — Paul commends the scriptures to Timothy.
Th. 2 Tim. iv., 1-22.—Paul's last words.
F. 1 Cor. ix., 16-27. — 'So run, that ye may obtain.'
S. Jas. i., 1-27.—'He shall receive the Crown of Life.'
S. Heb. xii., 1-13.—'Let us run with patience'

Lesson Story.

Paul,a few months,probably,before his death, writes his last letter, To 'Timothy, my own son in the faith,' as he affectionately terms this young disciple, Paul writes many words of advice, instruction, and doctrine.

He adjures him before God, and in the name of Jesus, who shall one day judge the living and the dead, to preach the gospel. In view of the judgment, Christ's coming, and his kingdom, he charges Timothy to neglect no opportunities for furthering Christ's kingdom. A pastor's duty is not only to preach, but to reprove and rebuke sin, and with patience and sound teaching to exhort to righteousness.

'For the time will come,' prophesies Paul, when men will not endure sound teaching and plain speaking, but will seek those teachers of self-indulgence whose smooth words will please their ears. They will turn from the truth of God's word, and be carried away by fables of man's devising. The true pastor must guard against these errors, being watchful, patient and humble. Doing the work of an evangelist—simply making known the glad tidings of the Word of God, fulfilling the work God has given him.

Paul knows that his earthly life is soon to end, he rejoices that he can look back on a well-spent life, a well-fought fight, an untarnished faith. He goes to receive his well-earned 'crown of righteousness,' a reward which is to be given to all those who love the Lord, that they put forth every energy of their lives for the furtherance of Christ's coming and kingdom.

Paul remembers with loving gratitude the many times that the Lord stood by and protected him, when all men had forsaken him. 'And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.'

Lesson Hints.

Paul, a prisoner at Rome, shortly to meet a martyr's death under the cruel emperor Nero, writes to Timothy at Ephesus. He longs for a sight of his beloved young comrade, in his cold, dark dungeon he feels the need of the cloak he had left at Troas, and begs Timothy to bring it with his books and parchments. 'Be instant in season, out of season,' be constantly urgent for men's salvation. Some of King David's most prized soldiers were those who 'could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows,' (I. Chron. xii., 2.). Those that lost no opportunity, but were ready if one hand's missil failed, to use the other. Natural timidity would find very few favorable seasons in which to present the gospel. The Holy Spirit alone can teach us the seasonable moment to speak to a soul, and give us the words to speak.

The time has come when many will not 'endure sound doctrine,' they flock to hear popular preachers who regale them with theories and fables in which the true is so cleverly mixed with the false, that they cannot detect the evil. They swallow these pleasant tasting mixtures which gradually poison them, and destroy all the true faith they ever had. The man who does not preach the Word of God, pure and simple, is not following Christ's example (John vii., 16-18: xiv., 10, 24.) and cannot but lead his hearers away from the truth, (Matt. xv., 8-14.)

'Lusts' — unholy desires. 'Itching ears' —wishing to hear pleasant words and novel theories. Beware of those who preach lifeless theories and fables instead of the living Christ.

'Ready to be offered'—as a sacrifice. He had long before presented his body as 'a living sacrifice,' now his life was to be 'poured out as an oblation' before God.

Primary Lesson.

To-day we are to learn some of the last words of an old man who served Jesus. Paul had a beautiful life to look back on, he could truthfully say that he had always tried to serve God as well as possible. It is true that for a long time he did not now that he could only please God by following Jesus. It was his zeal for God that made Paul hate the followers of Jesus, because he did not know that Jesus was God. But when Jesus revealed himself to Paul, saying that Paul in persecuting the Christians was really persecuting his Lord, Paul was very sorry, and gave himself to Jesus to serve him all the rest of his life.

When Paul looked back on his life, he must have felt very sad to think that he had not known Jesus sooner, It had been a great mistake to think that hurting the Christians would please God, but he had thought at the time that he was doing just right. And as soon as he learned how to serve God rightly, by love and obedience, he hastened to do it.

How many of us can look back on our short lives and say honestly we have always tried to serve and please God? There may have been many mistakes in our own lives, Paul made mistakes, but Jesus covers all our mistakes and forgives all our sins if we ask him. Think of looking back over sixty years of trying to please God, and knowing that God was satisfied with our work for him! Is it not glorious to think of pleasing God for sixty years! Some of you may live sixty years more, shall they be sixty years for God?

Again, some of you may not be here more than one year more, for God calls home the little people as well as the old. Suppose you could only stay a few more months on earth—what kind of months would you like them to be?

Some little people think that they must have their own way while they are young, and then, when they have had 'lots of fun,' they will be Christians when they grow old. Will it be any pleasure to them when they get to be sixty, to look back and say—there were thirty, forty or fifty years wasted — just wasted out of life, leaving no peaceful, happy reminiscences. Serving the world and pleasing self does not bring joy or peace, it does not make our old age happy as does the memory of service for Christ.

Some people prepare for old age by putting money in the bank, others spend all their money as they get it, and have nothing to fall back on when they get old and can not work. It is never too soon to begin to prepare for old age, if you want to be happy then you must learn now the happiness of pleasing God. God's first command is — 'My son, give me thine heart.'

Practical Points.

A. W. CAMERON.

Timothy would never forget this solemn charge of his spiritual father. The young preacher was not asked to preach politics, literature, science or art, but simply 'the word.' No opportunity of speaking a word for the Master was to be lost, while words of reproof and counsel were always to be seasoned with tenderness and wisdom. Verses 1, 2.

The people with itching ears are found in the pews of many churches to-day. They want a man that will not denounce their sins and urge them to flee from the wrath to come. One that will fill the house though he may neither fill the pulpit nor be filled himself with the Holy Spirit. Verses 3, 4.

Paul's idea of the model evangelist may be thought old-fashioned by some, but no evangelist can fulfil his ministry without patient consistency in well doing; verse 5.

The old veteran cannot lay his armor down without a shout of triumph; verses 6-8.

Beautiful is Paul's spirit as he forgives those who deserted him in the thickest of the fight; verse 16.

How deeply the aged warrior appreciates the guardianship of his great Captain; verse 17.

'Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.' This is the language of Faith, who with one hand clings to the cross and with the other waves the palm of victory; verse 18.

Tiverton, Ont.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Forever with the Lord, 'How firm a foundation,' 'Christ for the world, we sing,' 'Jesus shall reign,' 'Victory through grace,' 'Saved by grace.'

Search Questions.

Contrast the character of Paul in his later life with what we know of his character before conversion. Give references.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Dec. 12. — One thing I have learned from Paul's life or writings. — Acts ix., 1-22. (A memory meeting suggested.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Dec. 12. — One thing I have learned from Paul. Acts ix., 1-9. (A memory meeting suggested.)

Preparation Necessary.

Now, if you are prepared you have a definite line of thought; you are master of the situation. Even if the plan of the lesson does not suit your scholars, it will not trouble you much. You have so mastered the materials that you are able to run them into any mould that is presented, or that you have to choose to suit the temper of your class. Your lesson is thus a real lesson, and not a talk on everything or nothing.

Secondly, your brain will be on your side and help you, Preparation gives assurance, assurance gives success. A most miserable being is an unprepared teacher, one who feels he might have done better. Do your best, poor as it may be, and the mind at once becomes your helper. It will furnish you with illustrations and helps as required; it will suggest new ideas. It does wonders when the teacher knows he has honestly prepared; it deserts you to the fury of your class if you have not prepared.

Thirdly, it is only by real preparation that God will be glorified. A teacher prepared is a teacher with a definite aim. He is not there to endure the hour and a half of school. He is there, God helping him, with a definite message from God to his class. It is the lesson he teaches, not a bit of twenty lessons that have been given. He arrests attention by the freshness; he encourages thought in the children; he makes the one message of God clear and definite: in this way God is glorified. These are some of the advantages of real preparation. What possible good, dear teacher, can your lesson do that was prepared ten minutes before you came to school? You need to let the truth reach your heart before you declare it to the children. Head knowledge is useless. It must reach the heart, and go from your heart to the scholars.

Now preparation such as I suggest is possible for every teacher. You all can give fifteen minutes daily. Try it and you will find it a blessing. — 'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

'Do you know God?' This question should be pressed upon the members of our class in the Sunday-school. They should know him not merely by name or by repute, but by experience, as a God who saves from sin, and who directs, protects and blesses all who put their confidence in him.—'Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Shut In.

(Elizabeth Cheney.)

I ran at his commands,
And sang for joy of heart;
With willing feet and hands,
I wrought my earnest part.
And this my daily cry:
'Dear Master, here am I!'

Then came this word one day—
I shrank as from a rod,
To hear that dear voice say:
'Lie still, my child, for God.'
As out from labor sweet
He called me to his feet.

Called me to count the hours
Of many a weary night,
To bear the pain that dowers
The soul with heavenly might;
But still my daily cry:
'Dear Master, here am I!'

His will can only bring
The choicest good to me,
So ne'er did angel wing
Its flight more joyously
Than I, his child, obey,
And wait from day to day.

The humble offering
Of quiet, folded hands,
Costly with suffering
He only understands,
To God, more dear may be
Than eager energy.

And he is here, my song,
That I may learn of him,
What though the days are long,
What though the way is dim?
'Tis he who says, 'Lie still';
And I adore his will.

—'Zion's Herald.'

Before Older People.

('Standard.')

The nineteenth century girl is rather apt to give her opinion without waiting to be asked, with as much assurance as if her few years of life could have made her opinion of any value to those who have lived several times as long. She is somewhat apt too to be rather pert and flippant in her manner before her elders, as if she wished them to understand that she had a contempt for their old-fashioned notions. She will sometimes talk in a low tone to someone near her while the conversation among older people is general, showing them that she, for one, does not find it interesting; sometimes, if she feels very much at her ease, she will go to the piano when people are talking and begin to play or sing without request, thereby annoying everyone. Strange to say, girls who do these terribly rude things imagine themselves quite superior. They will perhaps never know till they are old themselves how shallow and senseless they have appeared to those whose rich experiences of life have broadened and deepened their minds. I am sorry that this class of girls is so numerous both in city and country, and that they often come from homes of refinement and culture. If Edison would only invent a mirror in which they could just see themselves as others see them, they would realize that these youthful airs of superiority are about as becoming as the mumps or measles. This class of girls will sit in church and make speeches about the people around them, comment on what the minister is saying, and indulge under their breath in a great deal of wit and merriment, at the expense of everyone; but no matter how silent their mirth, such a seatful of girls is a very disturbing element in a service, and their conduct is very hard to bear by those who go to church for devotions. I have even heard them whisper during prayer, and I have longed to ask if they could not postpone their visiting until the service was over.—Mrs. W. H. Brearley.

Selected Recipes.

Baked Chops—When your fire is not in a proper condition for broiling chops, they will be almost as good if breaded and baked in a hot oven. Use loin or rib chops, take out the bones, roll them in as compact form as possible, and lay in a deep pan, with some of the fat trimmed from them under each one. Make a dressing from fine stale bread crumbs, season with salt and plenty of white and red pepper, moisten with melted butter and a beaten egg. Spread smoothly over the chops, and bake until they are easily pierced with a fork and brown on the top.

Orange Sherbet.—Dissolve one pound of sugar in one pint of water; add one pint of orange juice, juice of two lemons and rind of one; add it to the syrup and freeze for about ten minutes. Serve in glasses.

Painting the Floors.—While visiting at a neighbor's mamma asked how she managed to paint her floor, with so many living in the house, and so little room. 'Why,' she says, 'I make my own paint, and it is a kind that dries nearly as fast as I put it on. I take five pounds of yellow ochre and dissolve that in enough soft water to make it about the thickness of a paste or thick cream. Then I use the whites of six eggs and beat them to a stiff froth, and one-half pound of glue dissolved in a little warm water. Add both, and mix thoroughly. If this does not make it thin enough to spread well, add a little more soft water. After it is put on the floor apply as much hot boiled linseed oil as the floor will absorb. If a little more is put on than will soak in, it can easily be wiped up with a dry cloth. The floor should be perfectly dry before trying to paint. This will make a light-colored paint, which grows darker as you mop it. We painted our floor and moved right on the same day. We like it ever so much.—Myrtle Burgess, in 'Housekeeper.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

A BEAUTIFUL BIBLE FREE.

Send twenty names for the "Northern Messenger," at thirty cents each, and secure our large size, handsome Bagster Bible, free. The binding, printing, contents and finish make it a complete Bible. Size when open, 13½ inches by 9½. Would make a beautiful present to a father, mother, brother, sister or teacher. The book formerly sold for $3.00.

One yearly subscription, 30c.
Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.
Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS'S COCOA.
ENGLISH
BREAKFAST COCOA
Possesses the following
Distinctive Merits:
DELICACY OF FLAVOR
SUPERIORITY in QUALITY.
GRATEFUL and COMFORTING
to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.
NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.
In Quarter-Pound Tins only.
Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London,
England.

SEND 30c FOR SAMPLE PKG. (12) ELEGANT IMPORTED Christmas and New Year Cards, Folders and Booklets—worth at least $1.00. Order a trial package at once and return them if not satisfactory. We will refund your money. One package, 30c, or 4 packages, $1.00. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Westminster Series of Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers for 1898

Edited by J. R. MILLER, D.D.

Author of "Practical Religion," "Week Day Religion," "In His Steps," "Personal Friendships of Jesus," etc.

The Westminster Teacher, The Westminster Quarterlies, The Westminster Lesson Leaf, Junior Lessons, German Leaf, Colored Lesson Card, and the Question Book.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED PAPERS
Forward, for the Sabbath-school and for the home.
S. S. Visitor, Morning Star, } for the intermediate grade.
Sunbeam, for the primary department.

Before deciding upon your supplies for 1898, send for a free sample set to

JOHN H. SCRIBNER, Business Supt., Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia, Pa.

or W. DRYSDALE & CO.,
232 St. James St., Montreal.

DO you want a paper to give an honest and intelligent opinion on every question, free from any personal, partisan or financial influence?

YOU can depend upon the WITNESS to think before it speaks and to speak out what it thinks. While it continues to

TAKE the foremost place as a vehicle of news, it is one of the very few papers that keep their columns free from injurious reading and advertisements.

THE WITNESS is the active advocate of every good cause and aims to be under all circumstances a

WITNESS for truth and righteousness. It gives well arranged news, carefully selected reading, plentiful illustrations, reliable market reports, and answers to questions on all subjects.

A subscriber for forty years gives his opinion of the WITNESS as follows:—

"For over forty years your paper has been a welcome household guest, and I may be permitted to congratulate you that now as ever its editorial articles stand in the first rank of Canadian journalism, not only for their independent expression of what you believe to be the righteous interests of our country, but also for their elevation of style, and freedom from the slang which is vulgarizing so many of our popular educators. Believe me, with our household's earnest wishes for your continued prosperity and usefulness."

HOME STUDY FOR BUSINESS We teach Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Com'l Law, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. thoroughly by MAIL at your own HOME. Success guaranteed every earnest student. We give a useful, Money Making Education which leads to a good paying position. A ten years' success. Highly endorsed. It will pay you. Try it. Catalog free. BRYANT & STRATTON, Trial lesson 10c. 369-373 College Bldg. Buffalo, N.Y.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'